

HE CHANGED HIS RELIGION.

IT TOOK A GOOD WHILE AND CONSIDERABLE SMALL CHANGE.

"I lived with my brother, the minister, and his family in a cute little log parsonage on the edge of the woods," said the young lady who had just come back from Canada. "The village was a mile away and our nearest neighbors were a family of French Canadians—berrypickers, woodchoppers, farmers, fishermen, maple-sugarmakers—dear knows what all. They did not bear a particularly good reputation, and the nice old ladies in the village church told me that they expected to hear about us all being burned and murdered some night."

"Well, you know, they all went out one afternoon and left me alone. I did not mind that, it is such a cheerful place. But when there was a knock on the door I was frightened. I knew it could not be the rector—he always comes in his carriage—and people so seldom visit us from the village."

"I went upstairs and looked out of the window, and there I saw little Joachim, the eldest of the Frenchmen, grinning at me like an old monkey."

"Goodness!" I said to myself. "Does he know that the others are all out?" Then I put on a rough voice and said, "What do you want?"

"He grinned—oh, such a terrible grin!—and said, 'Only one dollar, ma'am.'"

"What do you want the dollar for?" I asked.

"To change my religion," he said.

"What has the dollar got to do with it?" I inquired.

"Oul, oul, 'tis necessaire!" he insisted.

"Why do you want to change your religion?" I asked.

"The little Frenchman bowed and grinned more like a monkey than ever and put his hand upon his breast. 'I have it in my heart,' he said, 'that my religion mus' be schanged.'"

"Well, you see how it was. I was there in my brother's place, as it were. Here was a man who needed to change his religion and I did not know what was the proper thing to do under the circumstances."

"Is it very urgent?" I asked. "Can't you wait till my brother comes home? He knows what to do."

"Oh! non, non!" said the little wretch. "No can wait! Now it mus' be."

"I did not know what he wanted the dollar for in changing his religion, but I determined to save money for my brother if I could. So I said, 'Don't you think you could do it for fifty cents?' He put his hand on his heart again and made an awful grimace. He heaved a deep sigh and said that he would do his best. So I gave him the money and thought I had got rid of him very cheaply, because we had about \$10 in the house, and he might have known about it."

"He went away down the village and I watched him till he was out of sight, for I was wondering what he was going to do; where he would go to change his religion, and what money had to do with it. I thought he might need the money for the notary public or something of that sort. After he had disappeared more than an hour I got well settled down to sewing, when I was startled by another knock on the door. I ran upstairs again and looked out of the window."

"There, below me on the porch, was old Joachim again, his eyes all a-squint, his face

one huge grimace. He was so excited that he fairly shouted at me:

"Oh, madame, madame!" he said. "Only feefty cent more, only feefty cent. I get de releezhon half schange, an no can do more for de money. Now I haf no releezhon. Oh, madame, madame! Feefty cent!"

"Of course I was sorry to hear of the fix he had got himself into, but I thought it was partly his own fault for being in such a hurry. He continued to wail, 'Oh, madame, madame! Feefty cent, only feefty cent! I haf no releezhon! Oul, I haf no releezhon!'"

"A quarter is all I will give you," I said, "and if that is not enough you will have to wait till my brother comes home." He writhed on the doorstep as if in mortal agony, but gasped out, "Give! Give! It shall be enough!"

"So I gave him the quarter and he went away in a great hurry again to continue changing his religion. When I could not see him any more I went back to my sewing. I had been settled a good long time when I heard a great rustling and scratching on the gravel walk outside, and heard voices singing that rollicking French song about Marlborough going to war and no one knowing when he was coming back. They sing it all over French Canada, you know."

"I ran upstairs to the window and put myself where I could see down without being visible to any one outside. It was that horrid Joachim again, but he had another one with him this time. They were both grinning and looking up at the window."

"Oh, madame, madame!" they kept crying. "Madame! Madame! Feefty cent! Oul, only feefty cent!"

"Then they danced opposite each other as if they were having the landiers all by themselves, bowing and grimacing, making the chain and jigging. They followed this up with another stave of the song. It has a terrible, roaring chorus, you know, something like:

"'Malbrook, ca va! t'en guerre,
Li toodle lal lally, li toodle lal lay,
Malbrook, ca va! t'en guerre,
Li toodle lally ay, Oooo! Couray, couray, couray!'"

"That is not exactly right, you know, for I don't understand French, but it is like that, and you can see for yourself that it is a very silly song."

"When they had finished the song they began to call again, 'Oh, madame, madame! Oh, madame! Feefty cent! Only feefty cent!'"

"Now I was really frightened and I thought of all the old ladies had told me about these people. Their shanty stood on the glebelands belonging to the parsonage, and they might have some feeling against us for all I knew, and then I thought of the \$10 my brother had locked in his desk. Ten dollars is a lot of money in Canada, and it might make them desperate."

"But it would never do for me to appear afraid of them, so I suddenly thrust my head out of the window and said very sternly: 'Why, are you here again? Haven't you changed your religion?'"

"Little Joachim grimaced and bowed to the ground, 'Madame!' he said. 'Madame! Almost I have it done.'"

"Why do you come here?" I asked. "You must not come any more." The little wretch bowed again with his hand on his heart and then pointed to his companion."

"Dis Alphonse," he said. "He, too, have it dat feeling in ze heart—his releezhon it mus' be schanged."

"The other one made me a terrible grimace and a dozen bows."

"Well," I said, "what have I got to do with it? Why doesn't he change his religion if he wants to?"

"Then they both screamed and gesticulated: 'Oh, madame! madame! How can it do for nuzzing? Feefty cent! Only feefty cent! We schange our releezhon!'"

"They grinned at me in such a French Revolutionary sort of way that I felt my blood run cold. I thought that if I could only gain a little time my brother would be home and he would send them to the rightabout in a hurry. So I gave them 50 cents more and they capered off toward the village. They really acted as if they had been drinking."

"About an hour later I saw two figures, arm in arm, coming up the road from the village. They stopped to separate, dance vis-a-vis, jig, and hands across, and I could see by their mouths and gesticulations that they were singing that foolish song about Marlborough. My brother had come home and when they saw his horse and buggy standing in the parsonage yard they stopped and leaned against the fence. But I could hear them even at that distance wailing: 'Oh, madame! madame! Only feefty cent! Only quartaire! We schange our releezhon!'"

"I'm positive that I heard them under my window all that night whispering and crying: 'Oh, madame, madame! Oh, madame, madame! Only feefty cent! Only quartaire! We schange our releezhon!'" Toward morning they said, 'Only ten cent! Only five cent! We schange our releezhon!'"

"That was a very singular adventure," said the old lady with spectacles.

"Yes," responded the young lady from Canada. "But I have not told you the most singular part of it. When I informed my brother about what had been taking place in his absence he smiled a very significant sort of smile and said that if I stayed with him and carried on my missionary work as I had begun I would probably convert the entire French Canadian male population. But do you know what I think?"



QUID PRO QUO.

(Before the Jeweller's window.)

"YOU'LL BUY ME THAT RING, WON'T YOU, DEAR? THEN I'LL GIVE UP THAT LOVELY HAT I WAS JUST GOING TO SHOW YOU!"—(The gentle dealer)

"What do you think, my dear?" asked the quiet old lady, laying down her sewing for a minute.

"I don't think they changed their religion at all. I think they spent every bit of that money on drink. You ought to have seen the funny way the French Canadian men looked at me when I went down to the village after that."

The quiet old lady picked up her sewing again. "My dear," she said, "I would not wonder a bit if you have really solved the mystery."

"I believe those men were humbugging me," continued the young woman.

"I am quite sure of it," said the old one.

SPAIN VS. UNITED STATES.

IN THE MATTER OF AN ALLEGED WAR.

From The London Outlook.

(Obviously written prior to the skirmishes before Santiago—Ed.)

What do you think of a fiery drink?

That's got no liquid in it?

Of a nameless name,

With a hopeless aim

For a letter to begin it?

And what would you say

Of a horseless shay?

Before the shay's been made?

Or a lion's lair,

With no lion there.

And the lair dug out with a spade?

And what's your word

For a corolling bird?

That cannot raise a carol?

Or a lone lunkhead

When semelously stole

The circumambient barrel?

If you turn your mind

To an orange-rind

Before the tree's been planted,

The only tip's

To dream of the pips,

And take the rest for granted.

Then you'll understand

Why the fleet was manned

And the 'tailons were enlisted;

And you'll know the lore

Of the Spanish war—

Of the war that never existed.

IN THE HAMMOCK.

From The Somerville Journal.

Dolly swings within the hammock,

With the breeze round her blowing,

In a sweet abandon lying,

Just a glimpse of ankle showing

Neath her flowing skirts. Around her,

Mid the flowers, the bees are flying,

Sipping sweets and storing honey,

Every source of nectar trying.

Seeing Dolly softly dozing,

One bee poises high above her,

Viewing all her many graces,

With the fondness of a lover;

Sees the glimpse of ankle showing,

Lights upon it to make certain,

Sings a shaft in search of nectar—

Then—but we will draw the curtain!

IN KENTUCKY.

From The Sioux City Journal.

An anecdote of Bishop Thomas W. Dudley reveals, in his own words, the secret of his success. When it was first known in the city in which he was settled that he was to go to Kentucky, some of his friends were disposed to be critical. "You are not going to Kentucky, are you?" asked one.

"Yes, indeed."

"Do you know what kind of a State that is?"

I saw in the paper that one man killed another in a Kentucky town for treading on a dog.

The Bishop said nothing, and the man continued, impatiently, "What are you going to do in a place like that?"

"I'm not going to tread on the dog," was the calm reply.

A FUZZLED SALOONKEEPER.

From The Wisconsin Bench and Bar.

An incident that is reported to have occurred in a Milwaukee courtroom will throw some light on legal decision on the liquor question. A German

saloonkeeper was on trial and had been sworn.

One of the attorneys began to question him:

"Mr. S., where is your place of business?"

"What for you ask me such foolish things? You

drinks at my place more as a hundred times."

"That has nothing to do with the case, Mr. S.

State to the jury where your place of business is."

"De shury! de shury! Oh, Shimmy! Every

shentleman on dis shury has a shring of marks on

my cellar-door like a rail fence."

His Honor here interested in behalf of the

counsel, and in a calm, dignified manner requested

the witness to state the place of his business.

"Oh, excuse me, Your Honor; you drinks at my

place so many time I drinks you knowse fery well

vere I keeps mine place."

VOTING IN THE SOUTH.

From The Washington Star.

A story told not long ago by a Democratic nominee for a very important office is as follows: "The day after the election referred to," said he, "a colored man called on me and said:

"Marse —, I want you to give me a dollar

for voting for you."

"I replied, 'What are you talking about? You

know you voted for the Republican candidate?'"

"Well, yes, I did, Marse —, but that was the

only way I could get it counted for you."

PICKLE AND AN EMERGENCY.

From The Lewiston (Me.) Journal.

The talk turned the other day in an Eastern Maine town on good luck coming out of apparent misfortune, and as an illustration a gentleman told how a Waldo County man's house caught fire in a time of great drought when the well was dry and there was no water within half a mile. The woman of the house discovered it burning at a lively rate on the dry roof. Help was as scarce as water. She began wringing her hands and saying over and over to herself, "Here's a pretty pickle! A pretty pickle!"

"Pickle, pickle," the word unconsciously repeated itself, and then she thought of a whole barrel full of pork pickle in the cellar, saved for boiling over. She darted down the cellarway and soon began deluging the roof with the brine. Every one who has tried it knows what a complete fire extinguisher salt water is. The effect was magical and before the supply of "pickle" was exhausted she had the fire out and the home was saved. She says she never should have thought of it if that word "pickle" had not kept running in her mind.



A FRENCH IDEA OF THE AMERICAN ARMY. American Commander encouraging his battalion of negroes—My lords and gentlemen of color!"—(Figaro.)

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How Wamper watches the work going on outside his windows, right and left, without disturbing his nubby rest.—(Figaro's Blätter.)